

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

T may seem like borrowing trouble to follow "This Woman and This Man" through three unhappy acts at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, but if you admire true acting and a play that isn't afraid to tell the truth you will find the crouble worth borrowing.

Miss Carlotta Nillson is earnestly true in Avery Hopwood's heart-reaching play. She is an artist who looks and acts like a woman, not like an actress. She goes about the stage as if it were a house. When she gathers up the clothes of the little boy she has put to bed she does it with a mother's hand. There are

Hopwood's play. People with full stom-

achs and empty heads won t like it. They will complain that it isn't amusing. It

sn't. It doesn't go out of the house for

its language, and except for the some-

what melodramatic turn of the first act.

when Thekla takes a pistol to convince

he young man of the house in which she

is employed as governess that the wages

of sin is marriage there is nothing to

make you glance upward in anticipation

Even here Miss Nillson makes you be-

lieve in Thekla and in the sanity of the

play, for she keeps the pistol well in her

lap and sits at a conservative distance

from Norris Townsend as she waits for

the minister she has summoned. Suicide has lost its charm. This woman tells

this man that they will not go out of the room alive except as man and wife.

The worst is over. You are glad that Thekla is through with her mournful

talk about "bearing a child." There has been too much of it. It has got on your

nerves, and for once you are almost will-

ing to forgive the stage pistol. You

cheerfully grant the playwright his

treasured "scene," and hope for better

And the curtain lets it go at that.

of the curtain.



Mr. Hopwood, while he refuses to grow Carlotta Nillson as Thekla Muller. cheerful over his subject, doesn't pile on the agony. Without further gunning for thrills he goes along and tells a good, straight stage story. He gets away from the old-fashioned "problem play" by carrying his story forward six or seven years and putting it on practical, everyday grounds. Thekla earns your respect by earning a living for herself and her boy. She is teaching school in an up-State village and the youngster is studying to be a baseball player.

The play drifts along naturally and easily. The actors do not hurry things. They think before they speak. At first the pauses seem strange, but you soon get used to them, and reflect that in real life people are not in the habit of feeding on "cues." And you are again reminded that George Foster Platt is a stage director of both common and artistic sense.

Country air seems to come in through the door and windows of the little home Thekla has made for herself and her boy. It has been a hard fight for her, but the youngster, as acted by little John Tansy, makes it seem more than worth while. This tiny actor, who seems to be perfectly at home on the stage, is

a growing delight. When the father finds his way to the house and sees the boy he wants him. The little chap is sufficient excuse for this parental affection. Thekla comes downstairs and finds them together-a ituation that recalls Jim and the "Kid" ta "Salvation Nell." Then she sends the boy out to play and sinks into a chair as far away from the man she compelled to marry her as she can get. They talk of everything and nothing at long range until Norris declares he will take the child away with him. Then Thekla makes another stand. She will fight as long as her strength lasts to keep her

In the last act Norris explains to his father that he succeeded in bringing the child away with him only after two eleepless nights and days that had worn out the mother. This act is unique for a nursery scene in which toys play an amusing part.

This play-house is in edd contrast to the serious business that follows after Thekla, whose presence is not fully exlained, has undressed the kiddle and put him to bed. She does not believe her Milton Silis as Norris Townsend. husband's sudden protestations of love until he agrees to give back the child to her and clear out. His willingness to make this sacrifice gives her faith in im. He is fond of the child, but he has grown even more fond of her, he de-

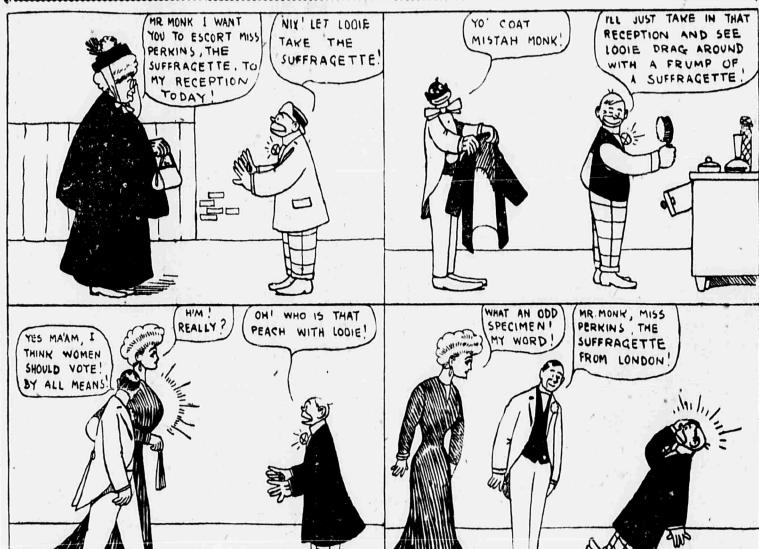
clares. And so she goes to his arms. Mr. Milton Sills saves Norris from seeming utterly despicable mainly by physical strength coupled with discreet acting. After all, young men will beyoung. And governesses should be careful. They're forever getting into trouble

Mr. Frank Currier, as the father who cares more for his son's future than he does for Thekla's, plays his part smoothly. Miss Eva Vincent is a sympathetic housekeeper, and Mr. Howard Kyle as the chairman of the village school board who realizes his importance, but at the same time recognizes Thekla's worth, helps to dry the tears that Miss Nillson starts. She has a company that you want to go to Heaven?" hould make her weep with joy.

The Million Dollar Kid



By R. W. Taylor



Views on Father's Sermon. . THOMAS A. HOYT, the Philadelphia pastor, entertained President Patton, of Princeton, and other eminent men at dinner. The guests were speaking in praise of a sermon he minister had preached.

Dr. Hoyt's young son was at the table, and President Patton said: "My boy, what did you think of your fathers serroon?"
"I guess it was very good," said the lad, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

Two Good Salads.

UNGARIAN SALAD-Use small potatoes, boil and peel them while warm; slice very thin with a sharp knife, and to a pint of potatoes add one small onlon minced, one pickled beet, ore fresh cucumber sliced, a Dutch herring, four sardines and minced cold boiled ham. Mix all together and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing.

PINACH SALAD-Use young, tender spinach leaves put in a salad bow with shreds of onion and a sprig of mint. Pour French dressing over all and garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs and little radishes.

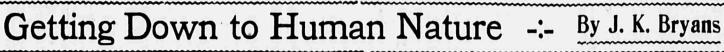
Such Is Life.

TAYLOR

ANY are called, but few get up. Revenge is sweet to the sour. To keep friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often. The end of one's ambition becomes merely the means to a greater effort. Money is a real tragedy! Give it and you make paupers; lend it and you create enemies; hoard it and you imperil

your soul .- Peter Pry Speviin in Lippin-

cott's Magazine.





"Look here, boy! I don't see you in Sunday-school any more. Don't;

"Mister, kin i sleep in your barn?" "Well, you'll have ter ask the dog. He sleeps there himself, and may

Augustus Thomas's Great Play, "The Witching Hour," Turned by the Playwright Into a Great Serial Story

The Witching Hour ochoed.

Augustus Thomas.

Jack Brookfield, a Louisville, Ky., gambler, gives a box party at the opera. His guests are his sister, Mrs. Campbell; his aloce. Viola; his former sweetheart, Mrs. Whippie and her son Clay (who loves Viola) and Frank Hardmuth, a local lawyer. Hardmuth proposes to Viola and is snubbed. Brookfield becomes aware of a subtle power he possesses whereby he can influence the gaze of others. He sees and is strangely interested in Justice Prentice, who is a transisient visitor in Louisville. A supper at Brookfield's house follows the opera. There Penning, a rich spendthrift, comes to the bouse for a game of poker. Brookfield exposure for a game of poker. Brookfield exposure for a game of poker. Brookfield exposure his friends made tun of it. Clay, finding himself alone with Viola, proposes and is accepted. Mrs. Whippie learns that Clay has expited at Brookfield's. She recalls that it was on the subject of gambling she and Jack and first quarrelled.

A Duel of Words.

BROOKFIELD was not altogether unprepared for the interview Hardmuth demanded of him, though uncertain as to the extent of its disclosure.

Left together, Hardmuth of its disclosure. TNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

ES," Alice answered firmly "this supper to-night was Jack's idea for you; the box at

A Proposal.

the opera for you." "Why, he didn't even sit with us." "Also for you. Jack Brookfield is a the entrance of the young darky, more notable character in Louisville to-day than he was twenty-two years ago. His company would have made you the subject of unpleasant comment. That's watch. why he left us alone in the bex."

mused, slowly "A terrible pity," Mrs. Campbell Further confidences between them

were prevented by the entrance of the men from the dining-room. "Where's the young lady-Jack's niece?" inquired Denning.

"In the billiard room I believe." Helen answered.

Left together, Hardmuth began what promised to be a serious colloquy by the nonchalant confession: "Took advantage of your hospitality,

old man, to-night." "Advantage?" queried Brookfield. "Proposed to her?"

Brookfield's face took on that inscrutable look with which he was accustomed to regard his hand just after the deal or draw. The slight pause was broken by "A gentleman called you on the

"Who?" Brookfield consulted hi "I don't know any Judge De Brennus." "Says you don't know him, suh; but

he's got to leave town in the mornin', and he'd be very much obliged if you'd see him to-night." "Did you tell him we were dark to-

"He don't want no game. It's about a picture-a picture you've got." "A picture?" "He wants to look at it."

"Tell the gentleman I'll be up for half an hour."

Jo disappeared. Bo you proposed to Viola?" said by it?" Brookfield, taking up the conference at

the point of interruption. "Yes; how do you feel about that?" "Well, Frank, on any ordinary proposition you're aces with me-you know

that." "But for the girl?"

"It's different." "There's another man in the running, and I think she likes him."

"You mean young Whippie?" "I think he's your biggest opposition," Brookfield answered divertingly. "But-you," persisted Hardmuth-"can count on you in the showdown?" "If Viola doesn't care enough for you, Frank, to accept you in spite of any-

thing or everything, I shouldn't try to influence her in your favor." Hardmuth turned to Brookfield, persisting: "But you wouldn't try to influence her against me?"

"She's about the closest thing to me, there is-that niece of mine." Well?"

"I'd protect her happiness to the

be with me, wouldn't it?" "She might think so." "Well?" "But she'd be mistaken: it would be

a mistake, old chap," "You mean there's anything against city." my reputation?"

ple-I mean the moral side of you." "Well, for richness this beats anything I've struck. Jack Brookfield talk- that you go after for the next ten years; criminal and his master. ing to me about my moral fibre!"

"You asked for it." "Yes I did, and now I'm going to ask of honor and reputation and pride, and per"for the showdown. What do you mean -somebody will drop to you, Frank; by it?" -Brookfield turned his

"You're the assistant prosecuting attorney of the city of Louisville. The of a landed fish on a dock-'you for the people don't get from you just what down-and-outs." you promised, not by a justul." "I'm the assistant prosecuting attorney, remember-I promised to assist in

prosecution, not to institute it."

"I expect technical defense, old man, but this was to be a showdown.' "Let's have it. I ask for particulars." "Here's one. You play here in my just a little too slick, that's all-and house, and you know it's against the they've always got it when it was hardlaw that you've sworn to support."

est for the family." "I'll support the law whenever it's invoked. Indict me and I'll plead guilty." in danger from the police."

You throw that up to me?" "Throw gothing-you asked for it." "I stand by my friends." you've taken an oath to stand by the

"Frank!" Jack's temper was plainly "You make me say it, do you, Frank? rising; he paused in an evident effort Your duty is at least to keep secret the to control it. When he spoke again information of your office; contrary to Hardmuth noticed that there was more that duty, you've betrayed the secrets menace in his manner. "Some day the of your office to warn me and other truth will come out as to who murmen of this city when their game was dered a Governor-elect of this State." "Is there any doubt about that?"

that doesn't stand by his friends?"

even money you're any thing in politics

but I'll give odds that the time will

come-when you're 'way up there, full

gets too slow, or both, and the 'come

"So that will be my finish, will it?"

"Rot!"

that I'd tell my niece to marry."

"What do you mean by that?" Hardmuth was now facing the gamoler, livid and trembling, his eyes nar- of course. sowed to little gleaming silts. There

man who faced him. Brookfield had "But I don't know any sure politician said the thing that he had promised himself a hundred times he would never "I'll bet you a thousand dollars I'm say, the thing that, even now rejuctthe next prosecuting attorney for this antly said to protect his niece, it would "I'll take half of that if you can place The situation was in Hardmuth's par "No; I mean character pure and sim- it," Brookfield answered, readily adopt- lance-a veritable showdown. One ing Hardmuth's point of view. "I'll bet question more, one more answer, and there would be blows or a cringing

Helen entered the room. "That gentleman that called after sug

"Mr. Denning?" Jack prompted. "Yes. He seems to take pleasure hand, graphically dramatizing the flop annoying Clay."

"Yes; I know that side of Denning." Brookfield turned toward the diningroom and called Ellinger. When he en-"It's the same in every game in the tered Jack asked him to go into the world-the crook either gets too gay or billiard-room and look after Denning. Helen wavered in her impulse to folon' sees him make the pass. I've been low Ellinger to the billiard-room, and pall-bearer for three of the slickest men finally yielded to Jack as he indicated a that ever shuffled a deck in Kentucky- chair.

"He doesn't seem much of a gentleman-this Mr. Denning," she said. "He wasn't expected to-night."

"Is he one of your-clients?"
"One of my clients." "Clay meets him here?" "Yes-has met him here."

"I didn't think you'd do that, Jack,

"Gamble." "It's no gamble with your boy, Helen, Jack said lightly; "it's a sure thing; he nash't won a dollar."
"I'm glad you're able to smile over "I don't want my niece mixed up in

"Perhaps it would seem more humor-ous to you if he'd won?"
"If he plays I'd rather see him win, (To Be Continued.)

THE WIDOW

She Learns the One Objection to Women's Smoking—and Quits!

By Helen Rowland.

ette, with the init's very dread-

The Bachelor around to make

the hangings of the cozy corner a little Be a perfect gentleman-if you think "I think it very-unattractive," he replied, with cold disapproval.

"And yet," sighed the Widow, "you admired Mrs. Vanderbilt and those club wemen for doing it." "Pardon me," corrected the Bachelor, "I admired the frank WAY in which

they did it. Besides I am not going to marry Mrs. Vanderbilt nor"-"I didn't know you were going to marry ME!" exclaimed the Widow in mock surprise.

"Didn't you?" The Bachelor looked astonished. "Then I must have neglected to tell you"-

"Besides," broke in the Widow hastily, "cigarette smoking isn't really wicked or sinful-or even vulgar." "No," retorted the Bache; a bitterly, it's merety silly, and mannish and outre, and unhealthy, and shocking, and foolish."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Widow with a sigh of delight. "How fascinating!"

"I've always wanted to do something shocking and foolish," returned the found out what to do-you aren't going girls." to scare me into being good, by saying Boo!" and she drew another pun; which ended in a coughing snell

The Bachelor started.



The Perfect Amateur.

"That it's unbecoming," explained the red, or spoil my figure, or ruin my reputation. That's a little way you men have of frightening us off your preerves and retaining all the nice, enjoyen! Every time we try to do anything en! Every time we try to date you "Boo!" cried the Bachelor triumphant"Boo!" cried the Bachelor triumphant"Boo!" cried the Bachelor triumphant"Boo!" cried the Bachelor triumphant"Boo!" cried the Bachelor triumphantble, comfy things for yourselves. Her eputation is the White Woman's Burnteresting or exciting or up to date you vave us away by crying, 'Naughty! ly as he rose and lit his pipe with the naughty!' It will spoil its little white an erring soul.

. . tion, and its little white soul! Poof!" suppose," and she blew a ring of smoke right in

remarked the Bachelor's face. the Widow, "A woman's soul," announced the daintily blowing a Bachelor virtuously. "is like a white puff of smoke from sheet of paper. Black marks on it a gilt-tipped cigar- show"

"Oh, dear me!" scoffed the Widow. consequential "If our souls are as uninteresting as abandon of the blank sheets of paper, it's about time perfect amateur, we were marking them up a bit. Be-that you think sides, you might as well say that putting perfume on our petticoats, or using

tooth powder, or curling our front hair is had form, because some women do it, glanced cautiously as to say that clearette smoking'-"Oh, well," broke in the Bachelor sure that no one was coming and drew desperately, "smoke a pipe if you like.



Putting perfume on our petticoats."

"I don't think it's pretty," replied the Widow. "But," she added, leaning back with a sigh, "being 'nice and feminine is SO stupid! I don't wonder that you men find the girls who smoke cigarettes and give studio teas and say 'damn it!' so much more interesting."

"Do we?" inquired the Bachelor, dry-Widow cheerfully, "and pow that I've ly, "Yet we generally marry the 'nice'

"How good of you! How gratifying!" exclaimed the Widow. "And yet," she continued, thoughtfully studying the tip of her cigarette, "I never knew a girl so 'nice' that most any man would not coax her to smoke a cigarette, or to kiss him, or to do something 'not nice,' did you?"

The pachelor reddened and moved uneasily in his corner.

"Oh, well," he answered helplessly, "that's just to-to see if she won't refuse, and we admire the girl who does "And never call on her again," finished

the Widow with a sniff, "while you immediately take the girl who doesn't refuse out to dinner. But that i a't the question! The question is, how do cigarettes affect a woman-how do they injure her? They don't make her silly, injure her; They do thinke her hideous, like cocktails, nor make her hideous, like rouge, nor make her old, nor make her wicked, nor"——
"No," cried the Bachelor desperately, "but they do something ten times worse

"Worse!" The Widow nearly dropped her cigarette.
"What?"
"And stain her fingers"—

"And make her UNKISSABLE!" The Widow flung down her cigarette and crunched her small heel upon it.

The Beginning of Some Things.

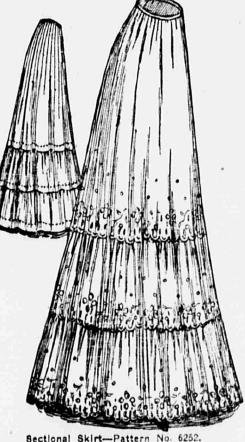
NVELOPES were first used in 1839. Telescopes were invented in 1500.

The first steel pen was made in 1830. Watches were first constructed in 1476. The first iron steamship was built in 1830 The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569. Modern needles first came into use in 1545. Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826 The first newspaper was published in England in 1588. The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. Cotton spinning was performed by hand-wheels until 1776 The first knives were used in England in 1559.

The first wheeled carriages were used in France in 1559.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



made with straight lower edges is always in demand for washable materials. This one can be made from flouncing, bordered material or from plain material trimmed. It takes long and slender lines, yet is not exaggeratedly narrow. It tions, the two lower ones being really ed one to the other. then both to the skirt. It can be either tucked or gathered over the

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 21-8 yards of flouncing 24, with 7 1-2 yards 11 inches wide, or 7 yards of plain material 24. 5 3-4 yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide. Pattern No. 6252 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24.

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